



The world frozen in time



👁 364 ✓ 44 ★ 41

Chapter 1 by Selena Raynee

"Here's your ice-cream", she said.

It was the last human voice I've heard for a very long time.

As I walk the streets I see lots of people, but I can't talk to them or hear them. They're frozen in place and in time. I know it sounds weird, imagine how weird that looks, a whole town frozen in motion like some silly childish game I used to play.

I can touch them, will feel the warmth of their bodies; yet there's no breathing or pulse. Back when I was into experimenting, I even undressed some man right on the sidewalk - it did me no good, other than high levels of embarrassment.

(How weird must that be, being undressed by a total stranger in the middle of the town)

If this world ever moves again, it can sue me for all the things I've done since.

She stands on the pier and is about to hand me my ice-cream, bought from a kiosk down the road. I love to watch her, somehow it gives me peace among all the craziness of my current life.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I've considered conducting other experiments with her, but that borders on a territory far too disgusting for me to ever think of.

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Don't get me wrong, I'm not a scientist, but I've done a lot with this time. For example, I dedicated two days (not that that's an accurate measure of time in my

current situation) to throwing repeat offenders of child molestation into the middle of the ocean. Since I can walk on that thanks to the static, it didn't take a great deal of effort to wheel them where they won't be saved.

Another day, I took money from this corporation's bank - a good one thousand dollars - and spread it across the hats and boxes and guitar cases of the begging. I had always loved the story of Robin Hood as a kid, and as far as I was concerned, this was my only chance to live it out.

Though I could conceivably go anywhere in the world, something always drew me back to that pier. It's the girl, I'd imagine. I sit next to her after a long day and wonder to myself what got her here to begin with. Student loans? A child at home? Affinity for ice cream?

I don't know if I'm aging. But if I am, I would feel pretty amazing just waiting out my time here with the static girl.

Chapter 3 by JM



I visit her every day. Somehow, she has a fresh cone for me each time. I'd have thought that the world was resetting itself each morning but the naked man is still naked, and the child molesters are still at the bottom of the ocean, and there's still money in the cups and hats and cases of the buskers and beggars. It's only her who changes.

Besides me, I guess.

Today's cone is mint chocolate chip. Not my favourite, but I'm not going to complain. At least not in front of her. I sit beside her, with my shoulders leaning against her legs, and I tell her about everything I did the day before. It's the only thing keeping me sane these days. Well, that and reruns of The X-Files.

I'm telling her about this one really bad episode involving cats of all things when she suddenly sighs.

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empty one. Yes! Full tank! I hotwire it and drive, wondering what will happen on the road ahead...

Chapter 5 by Alysha



The wheels skid across the cement, and I swerve to avoid hitting a girl in the road. She stands with perfect posture, her blonde hair falling in soft curls over her blue sundress. Her eyes focus on something in the distance, not moving in the slightest. A colorful gleam still proceeds to dance through them, regardless of the frozen world around them.

I open the car door, stepping out and reaching to move her out of the way. But when my skin meets hers, she jumps.

"Hey!" She yelps, "What are you..."

Her bright blue eyes travel move swiftly, stopping on things like a frozen man walking his dog, or a guitar player begging for the money I had given her, and finally stops on mine. Her eyes keep that colorful gleam as she tilts her head to the side and looks at me curiously, "Did you do this?"

I shake my head, "No, I swear I didn't. I think we're frozen in time, but I don't know how this could have happened."

She sucks in a sharp breath, "This is insane! Even the wind has stopped blowing, even the birds have stopped singing! Everything is dead quiet!"

I laugh, for the first time since this started, "I know, it's so strange. Absolutely no noise but your own breath."

I extend my hand to her, thinking it might be nice to have a unfrozen human to talk to, "Vincent White."

She takes it cautiously, "Solstice Bryer. How long has this been going on?"

I shrug, "I've counted a month, but I could be wrong."

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Solstice starts to walk around, taking everything in. She heads down the street, trailed by me. "It's sometimes fun, though. I mean, I can do anything I want, and there would be nobody to punish you for it. Like, I took money from a bank."

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"That's horrible!" She whirls around, her eyes filled with fire, "It wasn't yours to take! Whether time is frozen or not, it isn't ok!"

"Let me finish!" I say, "I took money from a bank, and gave it to the poor."

"Oh." She turns around again, "That still isn't ok, but go on."

"There's nothing left to say. But I think we need to at least try to figure out what's going on..."

Her eyes fly open as she turns around and starts to head back to the car, "I know! My dad invented some sort of a device, meant to allow the user a do over day. I was touching the of it when it shot, and it fires randomly at the old pierre. It must have hit you and froze time!"

I snort, "Then how did you get into the middle of the road?"

"I remember running down to the pierre to see what it had hit, but I think time froze before I could get there. When you touched me, you must have allowed me into the time void!"

"That's crazy." I say, as she pushes me into the car.

But I let her, and she drives us to what must be her house.

Chapter 6 by Beau



Except when we get there, I see it's not a house. It's a hole. A normal-looking driveway leads up to where a house should be, then suddenly drops off into a gaping hole-- a large, black mouth yawning on a face of concrete and grass. I hear a soft gasp from Solstice, and she runs toward the crater that once was her home.

"Dad!" she yells, and my stomach jolts, realizing what this could mean. I run next to her toward the edge of the hole and look down.

I cover my mouth with my hand. The pit below is filled with rubble-- shattered glass, splintered

furniture, dust and bricks. A perfectly motionless bird sits on a busted television. In the middle of it all lies a man with colorless skin, his face. Behind his broken glasses are too pale eyes. Leached upon his right temple from the dark scarlet ring of blood forms a halo around his head. I am

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sickeningly reminded of chocolate chips in melted ice cream. Not unlike the mint-and chip cone I'd had this morning.

Solstice screams. I stand silently. In my time in the frozen world, I'd seen bad things, but nothing like this. And with horror, I realize that before me lay probably the only man who knew how to end the freezing effects of the device he'd created.

What happened here?

I turn to this girl I've just met, but realize there's no way I could ever comfort her. So I turn away.

Chapter 7 by Jack Wright



Solstice turns to me with a depressed look on her face and says, "He might be alive, he will what to do to".

As I look down in the hole at a motionless man, as if he is a scarecrow perched atop his field. I hear sticks breaking and wrestling leaves from behind in the near by woods.

I look back to my side and Solstice is gone. I go running into the woods to find her.

After running into the woods and searching I finally find her but something just seems off. She is just standing there looking up. I get back by her side and tap her on the shoulder and she falls.

I ask, "what happened?"

She skeptically response, "I am not sure, I sort of like felt kinda frozen again."

I look at her with a puzzled look and say, "How did you get frozen again that doesn't make any sense"

Solstice looks at me with water building up in her eyes and says, "my dad would know the ans--" as the dam holding back her tears finally breaks.

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As I am I looking for words to say, Solstice looks at me and says, "My dad would always say, 'Keep the ones you love, by your side'. Do you think he imagined something like this would happen. Do you think I became frozen again because I left your side.

We were learning, slowly, but progress is progress.

Chapter 8 by Wikedywik



Now, we sit in a mansion overlooking a lake. It was for sale and empty when we got here a year ago, so we figured it would be fine to move in. We had filled it with any and everything we had wanted, always leaving some money behind in-case things unfroze. We watched Solstice's favorite movie for the hundredth time. I put my arm around her.

"What do you think it will be like?" I asked her. She hazily looked up at me.

"When it unfreezes? If it does? I don't know. It's been a year, so we wouldn't have aged. Probably just go back to day-to-day life."

"No, I mean what do you think we will be like?" I asked. "Will we finally..." I looked to her stomach. We had been trying for the past several months. Nothing.

"Hopefully." She said.

I sighed. After that fateful day when we had met, we had "dated". She had lived in an empty apartment, and I had lived across from her in the other one. We had decided to take it slow. We went to fancy restaurants, where we would cook and eat together. We went on a boat ride. I bought her clothes and flowers. She gave me kisses and hugs.

I had proposed, and had married us. She had been the flower girl, and had baked the cake. Then we had a food fight with it. It had been two years since we'd met, and the best two years of my life.

the end

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